

## THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Deserting the Ranch.

ALL that Wayland said of his family deepened Berrie's dismay. Their interests were so alien to her own.

"I'm afraid to have you go even for a day," she admitted, with simple honesty, which moved him deeply. "I don't know what I should do if you went away. I think of nothing but you now."

Her face was pitiful, and he put his arm about her neck as if she were a child. "You mustn't do that. You must go on with your life just as if I'd never been. Think of your father's job—the forest and the ranch."

"I can't do it. I've lost interest in the service. I never want to go into the high country again, and I don't want you to go either. It's too savage and cruel."

"That is only a mood," he said confidently. "It is splendid up there. I shall certainly go back some time."

"Of course, we are not rich, but we are not poor, and my mother's family is one of the oldest in Kentucky." She uttered this with a touch of her mother's quiet dignity. "Your father need not despise us."

"So far as my father is concerned, family doesn't count and neither does money. But he confidently expects me to take up his business in Chicago, and I suppose it is my duty to do so. If he finds me looking fit he may order me into the ranks at once."

"I'll go there. I'll do anything you want me to do," she urged. "You can tell your father that I'll help you in the office. I can learn. I'm ready to use a typewriter—anything."

He was silent in the face of her naive expression of self-sacrificing love, and after a moment she added hesitatingly: "I wish I could meet your father. Perhaps he'd come up here if you asked him to do so."

He seized upon the suggestion. "By George, I believe he would! I don't want to go to town. I just believe I'll wire him that I'm laid up here and can't come."

A knock at the door interrupted Wayland, and Mrs. McFarlane's voice, filled with new excitement, called out, "Berrie, the district office is on the wire!"

Berrie opened the door and confronted her mother, who said, "Mr. Evingsham phones that the afternoon papers contain an account of a fight at Coal City between Settle and one of Alec Belden's men and that the district forester is coming down to investigate it."

"Let him come," answered Berrie defiantly. "He can't do us any harm. What was the row about?"

"I didn't hear much of it. Your father was at the phone."

"What is it all about, father?" asked Berrie.

"Why, it seems that after I left yesterday Settle rode down the valley with Belden's outfit, and they all got to drinking, ending in a row, and Tony beat one of Belden's men almost to death. The sheriff has gone over to get Tony, and the Beldens declare they're going to railroad him. That means we'll all be brought into it. Belden has seized the moment to prefer charges against me for keeping Settle in the service and for putting a nonresident on the roll as guard. The whelp will dig up everything he can to queer me with the office. All that kept him from doing it before was Cliff's interest in you."

"He can't make any of his charges stick," declared Berrie.

"Of course he can't. He knows that. But he can bring us all into court. You and Mr. Norcross will both be called as witnesses, for it seems that Tony was defending your name. Oh, life's a sweet mess. You and Berrie and Mrs. McFarlane must get out of here before you are subpoenaed."

"And leave you to fight it out alone?" exclaimed his wife. "I shall do nothing of the kind. Berrie and Mr. Norcross can go."

"That won't do," retorted McFarlane quickly. "That won't do at all. You must go with them. I can take care of myself. I will not have you dragged into this muckhole."

Berrie now argued against running away. Her blood was up. She joined her mother. "We won't leave you to inherit all this trouble. Who will look after the ranch? Who will keep house for you?"

McFarlane remained firm. "I'll manage. Don't worry about me. Just get out of reach. The more I consider this thing the more worrisome it gets. Suppose Cliff should come back to testify?"

"He won't. If he does I'll have him arrested for trying to kill Wayland," retorted Berrie.

"And make the whole thing worse! No; you are all going to cross the range. You can start out as if for a little turn round the valley and just naturally keep going. It can't do any harm, and it may save a nasty time in court."

"One would think we were a lot of criminals," remarked Wayland.

"That's the way you'll be treated," retorted McFarlane. "Belden has retained old Whitby, the foulest old brute in the business, and he'll bring you all into it if he can."

"But running away from it will not prevent talk," argued his wife.

"Not entirely, but talk and testimony are two different things. Suppose they call daughter to the stand? Do you want her cross examined as to what basis there was for this gossip? They know something of Cliff's being let out and that will inflame them. He may be at the mill this minute."

"I guess you're right," said Norcross sadly. "Our delightful excursion into the forest has led us into a predicament from which there is only one way of escape, and that is flight."

McFarlane was again called to the telephone. London, with characteristic brevity, conveyed to him the fact that Mrs. Belden was at home and busily phoning scandalous stories about the country. "If you don't stop her she's going to poison every ear in the valley," ended the ranger.

"You'd think they'd all know my daughter well enough not to believe anything Mrs. Belden says," responded McFarlane bitterly.

"All the boys are ready to do what Tony did. But nobody can stop this old fool's mouth but you. Cliff has disappeared, and that adds to the excitement."

"Thank the boys for me," said McFarlane, "and tell them not to fight. Tell 'em to keep cool. It will all be cleared up soon."

As McFarlane went out to order the horses hooked up Wayland followed him as far as the bars. "I'm conscience smitten over this thing, supervisor, for I am aware that I am the cause of all your trouble."

"Don't let that worry you," responded the older man. But he spoke with effort. "It can't be helped. It was all unavoidable."

"The most appalling thing to me is the fact that not even your daughter's popularity can neutralize the gossip of a woman like Mrs. Belden. My being an outsider counts against Berrie, and I'm ready to do anything—anything," he repeated earnestly. "I love your daughter, Mr. McFarlane, and I'm ready to marry her at once if you think best. She's a noble girl, and I cannot bear to be the cause of her calumination."

There was mist in the supervisor's eyes as he turned them on the young man. "I'm right glad to hear you say that, my boy." He reached out his hand, and Wayland took it. "I knew you'd say the word when the time came. I didn't know how strongly she felt toward you till today. I knew she liked you, of course, for she said so, but I didn't know that she had plumed set her heart on you. I didn't expect her to marry a city man, but I like you, and—well, she's the doctor. What suits her suits me. Don't you be afraid of her not meeting all com-

(To be continued)

### HOW IT HAPPENED.



"Do you think any girl ever proposed in leap year, as they say, Jessie?" he asked.

"Not unless she was obliged to," answered the maiden. "But, George," she added, laying her hand affectionately on his arm and looking up into his eyes, "you, I am sure, will never force me to that humiliation."

"No—er—that is to say—of course not, I—"

The ice was broken, and three minutes later there was a job in prospect for the parson.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Where's He Got It?

"Bet I know where you got that necktie."

"Five bucks says you don't."

"Around your neck, you boob!"—Illinois Siren.

More Trouble.

Mother's wearing hoopskirts now; Guess she's gone a bit too far. Father's made an awful row—Got to buy a larger car.

—Exchange.

Why He Smokes.

James (who is broke)—I have one faithful friend left.

Hulks (also broke)—Who is it?

James—My pipe. I can still draw on that.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Of Course She Can.

James (who is broke)—I have one faithful friend left.

Hulks (also broke)—Who is it?

James—My pipe. I can still draw on that.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Kathryn—Yes, I do use a little rouge, but then you can't tell it.

Elkies—I can't? Why, I told it to lots of men.—New York Globe.

## HIRE MEXICANS TO BUILD MILITARY ROAD



Photo by American Press Association.

Mexican laborers hired in Columbus, N. M., by the United States army on their way to build a road from the border to General Pershing's camp at Colonia Dublan, Mexico.

## His Affinity

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

"Jim," said my friend Mrs. Mowbray, "why don't you get married?"

"Nonsense, Helen! You know as well as I that we men don't marry the women; they marry us."

"But," Helen persisted, "if no woman chooses to take the trouble to bring you down and you don't care to remain single, deprived of wife, children and the comforts of a home, it seems to me that you had better bestir yourself."

Helen was a matchmaker. I knew she had some scheme on hand and waited for her to declare it.

"I can make it easy for you," she continued. "I know a girl who, like you, has put off matrimony too long and has begun to realize that she is drifting toward a lonely old spinsterhood. I have offered to help her out. I have invited her to spend July and August with me at Fernwood. I shall have other guests during the summer, both men and women. I shall tell her that I have a man in view for her. How would you like to be that man?"

"Helen," I exclaimed admiringly, "you are the queen of matchmakers! Had you told me you had a girl for me and introduced me to her, she and I, knowing of your plan, would doubtless have spurned each other. Your proposal is delightful. I enter into it with all my heart. But why do you assume that there will be a natural selection between us?"

"I don't. I simply assume that you are persons of opposite sex who seek a mate. The mate being at hand, perhaps you will recognize it if you are left to yourselves to do so."

I spent a number of week ends at Helen's country seat, besides two weeks in August.

I fancied she had got up the scheme to make a match between me and some dear friend of hers, and I believed that I might find out the young lady by the fact that she was some one Helen adored. But I knew that Helen would conceal this adoration from me.

I settled upon a Miss Jewett, one of her guests during the summer whom I had heard her speak of quite often before as the lady between whom and me there was to be a natural selection. Miss Jewett was evidently a young woman not especially of beauty or endowed with such lightweight frivolities as are usually attractive to men. In other words, there was a lot to her, though I admit the words are a very poor description. I met her at a week end visit early in the summer and, having settled upon her as the lady intended for me, showed her con-

siderable attention. To tell the truth, she interested me in conversation and I preferred her company.

I met her at Helen's again in July and was counting on further pleasant moments with her, but this time she was principally taken up with a Mr. Jenkins, whom she seemed never to tire of. If I were talking with her and Jenkins came up she would dismiss me with a nod, accompanied by a smile, and I was thus commanded to give place to him. After three days at Fernwood I went back to town disgruntled.

During the longer period I spent at Fernwood Miss Jewett was again a visitor there. She seemed delighted to meet me again, and we were getting on nicely when that fellow Jenkins reappeared, and again my association with Miss Jewett was broken up.

"I suppose," I grumbled to my hostess, "that you've got another couple besides me and my unknown to bring together—Miss Jewett and that cad Jenkins. What she can see in him!"

Helen smiled and turned away without listening to the rest of it, and I went off to hunt up some of the other spinsters, none of whom interested me in the least. Jenkins went away Sunday afternoon, and I spent Sunday evening in a tete-a-tete with "his selection," which was what I considered her. She had the tact to ignore him now that he was gone, and I had never known her to be so entertaining.

Not long after this I told Helen that her selection plan for me must have gone awry, since I had evidently run across Jenkins' affinity. But she turned the subject, giving me no satisfaction.

The summer passed without any selection between me and a girl, so far as I could see, but during the winter I saw a great deal of Miss Jewett. I ceased to be interfered with by Jenkins and, well, to make a long story short, I made a match with Miss Jewett. Tom Mowbray and his wife were at the wedding, and after the ceremony Tom handed his wife a valuable pearl necklace. I asked how he came to give it to her on that special occasion.

"She won it on a bet. Last winter she bet me that within a year she would make a match between you and the wife you have just married."

I turned to Helen: "You played me false. My affinity was in your secret!"

"Of course she was. Didn't you say, 'We men don't marry the women; they marry us'?"

"Thank you very much, Helen," said my wife, "for helping me out. I am sure we shall be very happy."

"How about Jenkins?" I asked in wonderment.

"Stool pigeon!" shouted Tom. "Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "Is there no honor among women?"

"Yes," said Helen; "the same honor there is among thieves."

He knew.

"He's a man of fixed ideas."

"Yep. A polite way of calling him bull headed."—Exchange.

In Mitigation.  
Judge—Hoss thief, you're found guilty by th' jury. Have y' anything to say as to why I shouldn't soak y' th' limit?

Prisoner—Well, Judge, it wasn't your hoss I stole.—Cleveland Leader.

Court Humor.  
The female shopper who "lifted" several skeins of white yarn, when taken to court, pleaded absentmindedness. "I see. You were woolgathering," said the judge, who was a bit of a clip.—Boston Transcript.

A Neat World.  
How very neat they used to be—The heroes of the days of yore! They "scoured the plain" and "swept the sea" And with their plumed hats "brushed the floor."—St. Nicholas.

Languid Larry's Luck.  
Gentleman—What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one?  
Tramp (sarcastically)—Get a new rig, mister, an' some supper an' a night's lodgin' an' breakfast an' dinner tomorrow.  
Gentleman—My good fellow, take this quarter and support yourself for the rest of your life.—Chicago Herald.

Far From It.



Higgins—Your son is studying music, isn't he?  
Wiggins—No; he's merely learning to play popular tunes on the piano.—Washington Star.

A Hot One.  
"It says here in the paper that at last a shingle has been invented that is really fireproof," said Aunt Jane as she perused the morning paper.

"Umph," interrupted Willie as he thought of a recent interview with paw in the woodshed; "that last one dad used on me was certainly red hot."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Sense of Humor.  
"The baby smiled at me today," The proud young father cried. "He knows a joke that comes his way," The cynic friend replied.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Art Talk.  
"Why do you paint pictures that nobody can understand?" we asked. "I'll tell you," replied the artist. "I used to paint the other kind, and people understood them so darned well that they wouldn't buy them."

## EUROPE GAINS AN HOUR MORE OF DAYLIGHT

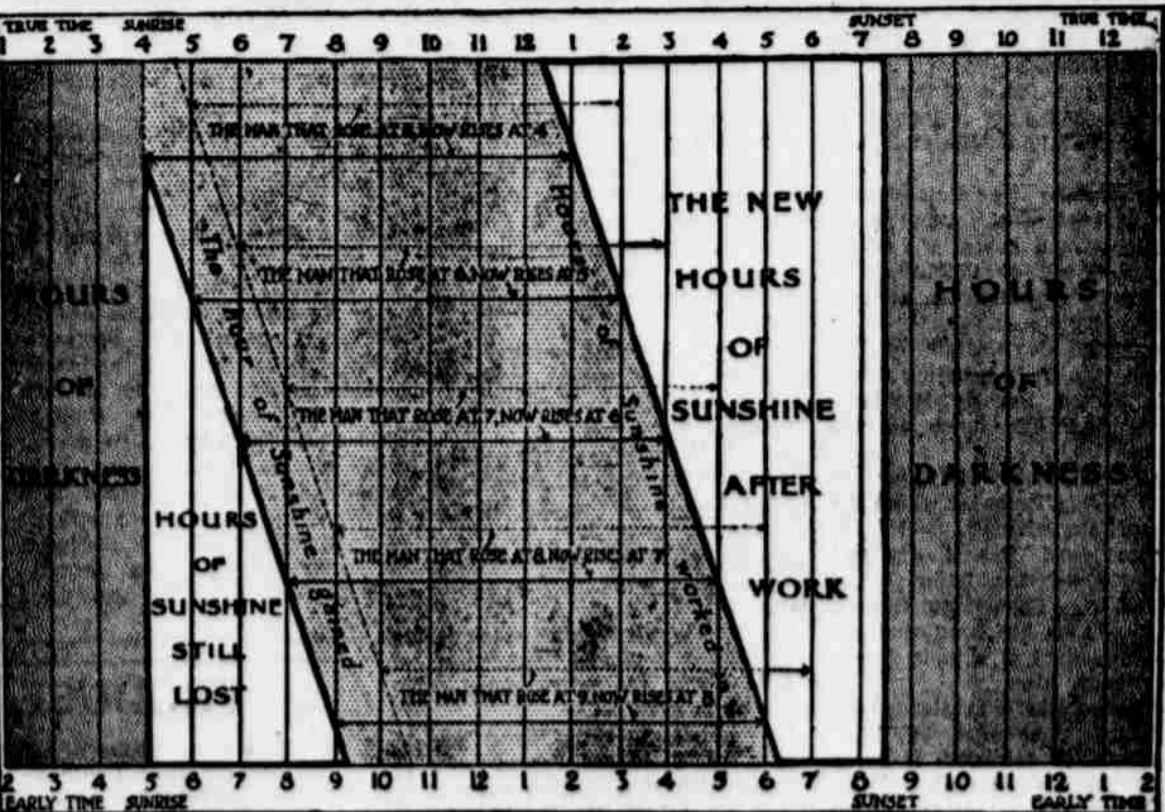


Diagram showing manner of daylight saving in nearly all the countries of Europe. A workingman who used to get up at 6 now gets up at 5, etc., consequently quitting work an hour earlier in the evening, which gives him one whole hour of daylight to enjoy during the summer. The hour of sunset, as indicated on this diagram, applies to the week of May 21 in England only.